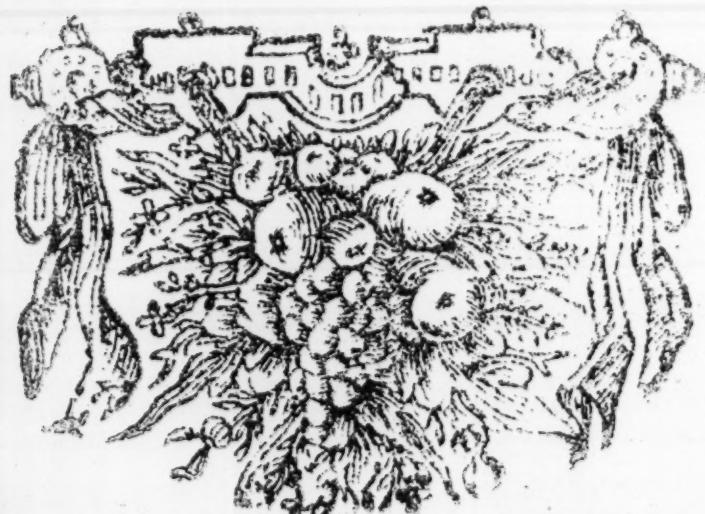


THE
FRIER
AND
THE BOY.

Very delectable, though un-
pleasant to all step-
mothers.

Newly corrected and amended.



GLASGOW

Printed in the Year 1668.



A MERRY JEST, OF THE Frier and the Boy.

There dwelt a man in my Country,
Who in his life had wives thre,
A blessing full of joy.
By his first wife a child he had,
Which was a pretty sturdy lad,
A good unhappy boy.
His father lov'd him very well,
But his step-mother never a deal:
I tell you as I think.
All things she thought lost, by the Rod,
Which might the boy do any good,
As either meat or drinck.
And yet, I wis, it was but bad,
Nor half enough thereof he had,
But evermore the worst.
And therefore evyl might she fare,
That wrought the little boy such care,
So far-forth as she durst.
Unto the man the wife gan say,
I would ye put this boy away,
And that right soon in haste.
Truly he is a wicked lad,
I would some other man him had,
That would him better chasse.
Then said the good-man: Dame, not
I will not let the young boy go,
Hee's but of tender age:
In chal mith me this near shide.

Lill he be grown more strong and try'd,
For to win better wage.
We have a man a sturdy lout,
Who keeps our neat the fields about,
And sleepeth all the day :
He shal bide home, as God me shield,
And Jack shal pass into the field,
To keep them, if he may.
Then said the wife : In verment,
Husband, thereto I give consent,
For that I think it need.
On the morrow when it was day,
The little Boy went on his way,
Towards the fields with speed ;
Of no man took he any cure,
But sung, Hay ho, a way the mire,
With mirth he did pursue.
Forward he drew with might and main,
Until he came amidst the plain,
And then his dinner drew.
But when he saw it was so bad,
Full little list thereto he had,
And put it up from sight,
Saying : He had no will to taste,
And that his hunger still should last.
Lill he came home at night.
Now as the Boy late on an hill,
There came an old man him until,
Was walking by the way :
Who said : My son, now God thee see,
Full welcome, Father, may ye be,
The little Boy did say.
The old man said : I hunger sore ;

Which thou mayst give to me.
The boy reply'd: So God me save,
To such poor vistuals as I have,
Right welcome you shal be.
Of this the old man was full glad,
The boy drew forth such as he had,
And said: Go to gladly.
The old man easie was to please,
He ate, and made himself at ease,
Saying: Son, gramercy:
And for the meat thou gabe to me,
I will give thee three things unto thee,
What e're thou wilt intreat.
Then said the boy: The best I know,
That ye give to me a bow,
With which I birds may get.
A bow, my son, I shal thee give,
The which shal last whyle thou dost live,
Yea, never bow nor break:
For if thou shott therewith all day,
Walking or twinking any way,
The mark still shalt thou hit.
Now when the bow in hand he felt,
And had arrows under his belt,
He merry was, I wot:
And said: Dad I a pype w'ithall,
Though n'ree so little, no; so smal,
I had all that I wish.
A pype, son, shalt thou have also,
Which in true Musick so shal go,
I put thee out of doubt:
That whosoever shal it hear,
Shal have no power to forbear,
But laught and lean about.

Pow tell me what the tyme wylde,
For thre things wyl I give to thee,
As I haue said before.

The boy then smilng, answere mad
I haue enough for my pece trade,
And wyl desire no more.

The old man said : My troath is plight,
Thou shal haue all I thre behight :
Say on now, let me see.

At home I haue, the boy reply'd,
A cruel step-dame full of pride,

Who is most curst to me :
When meat my father ghes to me,
She wishes poyson it might be,

And stareth in my face.

Now when she gazeth on me so,
I wish she might o farr let go,

That might ring through the place.

The old man answered then anon :
When that she looks thy face upon,

Her taile shal wynd the horn,
So lowdly, that who shal it hear,
Shal not be able to forbeare,

But laugh ber unto scorn.

So fare well, son, the old man cry'd.
God keep you, Sir, the boy reply'd.

I take my leave of thee :
And he that best of all things may,
Protect thee safe both night and day.

Gramercy, son, said he.

When it drew near unto the night,
Jack well advis'd, by'd home full right :

It was his ordinance :
And as he went his pyp did blow,

About him fast did dance.
Thus to the town he pypp full trim,
His skipping beasts do follow him,
Into his fathers close.
He went and put them up each one,
Then went into the house alone,
Into the hall he goes.
His father at his supper sat
And little Jack espy'd well that,
And said to him alone :
Father, all day I kept your neat,
At night, I pray you, gibe me meat,
I am hungry, by Saint John.
Meatless I have been all the day,
And kept your beasts they did not stray
My dinner was but ill.
His father took a capons wing,
And at his son he did it fling,
Bidding him eat his fill. (son)
This grieves his step-dames heart
Who loathes the lad still more and mo
And stares him in the face :
With that she let go such a blast,
As made the people all agast,
And sounded through the place.
Each one did laugh and make good game
But the curst wife grew red for shame
And wist she had been gone.
Pardie, the Boy said, well I wot,
That gun was well charged and shot,
And might have broken a stome.
Full curstly she lookt on him tho,
And then another fart let ge,

Quoth Jack : Sirs, did you never see
A woman let her pellets flee,

More thick and more at ease ?
I by, said the Boy unto his Dame,
Temper thy tell-tale-bun for shame;

Which made her full of sorow.
Dame, said the good maid, go i by wesp,
For why, I swear, by night and day,

The gear is not to bozwo.

Now afterwards, as you shal hear,
Unto the house there came a Friar,

And lay there all the night :
This wife did love him as a Saint,
And to him made a great complaine,

Of Jack's most vile despite.

We have, quoth she, within, I wis,
A wicked Boy, none shrewder is,

Which doth me mighty care.

I dare not look upon his face,
Nor hard'ly shew my shameful case,

So filthily I face,

For my sake, meet him to morrow,
Beat him well, and gibe him sorrow;

Yea, make him blind and lame.

The Friar swore, he would him beat.
She prayed him not to forget,

The Boy did her much shame.

He is a witch, quoth she, I smel.

But, quoth the Friar, I'll beat him well :

If that take you no care :

I'll teach him witch-craft, if I may.

O, quoth the wife, do so, I pray,

Lay on, and do not spare.

Carryng her morning the boy arose,
And to the field full soon he goes,
His cattle for to drive.
The Frier up as early gat,
He was afraid he came too late,
And ran full fast and blyth.
But when he came upon the land,
He found where little Jack did stand,
Keeping his beasts alone.
Now boy, he said, God give thee shame,
What hast thou done to thy step-dame,
Tell me forthwith anone?
And if thou canst not quite thee well,
I'll beat thee till thy body swel.
I will no longer bide.
The Boy reply'd : What aileth thee?
My step-dame is as well as ye,
What need you thus to chide?
Sir, will you see mine arrows flee,
And hit yon smal bird on the eye,
And other things withall.
Good Sir, if I have little wit,
Yet vender bird I mean to hit.
And give her you I shal.
There sat a smal bird on a brier.
Shoot, shoot, thou way, then said the
Frier for that fain would I see. (Frier
Jack hit the bird upon the head,
So right that she fell down for dead,
No further could she flee.
Fast to the bush the Frier then went,
And up the bird in hands he hent,
Much wondering at the chance.
Meantime Jack took his pyp and playd

Soloud, the Frier grew mad appay,

And gan to skip and dance :

Sooner he the pyp sound heard,
But mad-man like he bound and fard,

Leaping the bush about.

The sharp breters scratcht him by the face
And by the breech and other place,

That fast the blood ran out.

He tare his coat down to the skirt,
His cap, his coo, his linnen shirt,

And every other weed.

The thorns the while were rough & thick,
And did his privy members prick,

That fast they gan to bleed.

Jack as he pyped, laught among,
The Frier with breters was vively stung,

He hopped wondrouz hie.

At last the Frier held up his hand,
And said : I can no longer stand :

Oh, I shal dancing die.

Gentle Jack, thy pyp hold still,
And here I vow, for good noȝ ill,

To do thee any wo.

Jack laughing to him this reply'd :

Frier, skip out at the other side,

Thou hast free leave to go.

Out of the bush the Frier then went.

All martyd, ragged, scratcht and rent,

And torn on ebery side.

Hardly on him was left a clout,

To wrap his belly round about,

His harlotry to hide.

The thorns had scratcht him by the face,
In hands and thighs, and every place,

He was all bath'd in blood :
So much, that who the Friar did see,
For fear of him were fain to flee,
Thinking he had been wood.
When to the good-wife home he came,
He made no brags for very shame,
To see his cloaths rent all :
Much sorrow in his heart he had,
And every man did guess him mad,
When he was in the hall.
The good-wife said, where hast thou been
Sure in some evl place I ween,
By sight of thine array ?
Dame, said he, I came from thy son,
The devil and he hath me undone,
No man him conquer may.
Watch that the good-man he came in,
The wife set on her madding pin,
Cry'd, here is a foul array :
Thy son that is thy life and dear,
Hath almost slain the holy Friar,
Alace, and well awav.
The good-man said, Benedicite,
What hath the vile boy done to thee ?
Now tell me without let :
The devil take him, the Friar then sa
He made me dance despite mine head,
Amongst the thorns the boy go betw
The good-man said unto him tho,
Father, hadst thou been murthered so,
It had been deadly sin.
The Friar to him made this reply,
The pupp did sound so merrily,
That I could never blin.

When it grew to a man's height,
Jack the Boy came home full right,

As he was wont to do:

But when he came into the Hall,
Full soon his father did him call,

And bid him come him to.

Boy, he said, come let me hear,
What hast thou done unto this Friar?

Lie not in any thing.

Father, he said, now by my birth,
I play'd him but a fit of mirth,

And pyped him a spr'ng.

That pyp, said his father, I would hear,
Now, God forbid, cry'd out the Friar:

His hands then did he wring.

You shal, the Boy said, by Gods grace.
The Friar reply'd, Wo and alace,

Making his sorrows ring.

For Gods lode, said the wretched Friar,
And if ye will that strange pyp hear,

Bind me fast to a post.

For sure my fortune this I read,
If dance I do, I am but dead,

My woful life is lost.

Strong rops they took both sharp & round,
And to the post the Friar they bound,

In the middle of the Hall.

And they that at the table sat,
Laughed and made good sport therat,

Saying, Friar, thou canst not fall.

Then said the good-man to the Boy,
Jack, pyp me up a merry toy,

Pyp freely when thou will.

Father, the Boy said, verily,

You shal have mirth enough and glee,
Till you bid me be still,
With that his pup he quickly hint,
And pyped whilist in verament,
Each creature gan to dance :
Lightly they skipt and leapt about,
Pearking their legs, now in now out,
Striving aloft to prance.
The good-man as in sad despair,
Leapt out, and through and o're his chair
No man could caper byer.
Some others leapt quite o're the stocks,
Some start at straes, and fell o're blocks,
Some swallowed in the fire.
The good-man made himself good sport,
To see the dance in this mad sort.
The good-wife sate not still,
But dancing still she lookt on Jack,
And fast her tatl did double each crack,
Loud as a water mill.
The Frier this while was almost lost,
He knockt his pate against the post.
It was his dancing grace :
The rope rub'd him under the chin,
That the blood ran from his tatred skin
In many a naked place.
Jack pyping ran into the street,
They followed him with nimble feet,
Having no power to stay :
And in their haste the dooz did crack,
Each tumbling over his fellows back,
Unmindful of their way.
The neighbors that were dwelling by,
Hearing the pup so merrily,

Came dancing to the gate.

Some leapt o're doo'rs, some o're the hatch;
No man would stay to draw the latch,

But thought he came to late:

Some sick or slee ping in their bed,

As they by chance lift up their head,

Were with the pyp awaked. (locks,
straight out they start through doo'z and
some in their shirts, some in their smoks,

And some stark belly naked.

When all were gathered round about,

There was a vyle unruly rout,

That danced in the street:

Of whch some lame and could not go;

Striving to leap, did tumble so:

They danst on hands and feet.

Jack tyz'd with spozt, said, Now I'le rest,

Do, quoth his father, I hold it best,

Thou clovest me with a bear.

I pray thee, Boy, thou quiet sit:

In truth this was the merriest fit,

I heard this seven year.

All these that dancing thither came,

Laught heartily, and made good game;

Pet some got many a fall.

Thou cursed Boy, cry'd out the Frier,

Here I do summon thee to appear

Before the Offic'al.

Look thou be there on friday next,

I'le met thee then, thogh now perplxt,

Foz to ordain thy sorrow.

The Boy reply'd, I make a bow,

Frier, I'le appear as soon as thou,

If friday were to morrow.

But friday came, as you shal hear,
Jacks step-dame and the dancing Friar,

Together they were met :
And other people a great pace,
Flockt to the Court to hear each case,

The Official was set.
Much civil matters were to do,
More Libels read then one or two;

Both against Priest and Clark.
Some there had testaments to prove,
Some women were though wanton late

Which got stroaks in the dark.
Each Proctor there did plead his case,
When forth did step Friar Tobias,

And Jacks step-dame also :
Sir Official, aloud said he,
I haue brought a wicked lad to thee ;

Hath done me mighty wo :
He is a witch as I do fear,
In Orleans he can find no peer :

This of my truth I know.
He is a devil, quoth the wife,
And almost bereav'd me of my life :

At that her tafl did blow,
So loud, th'assembly laught thereat,
And said, her pistols crack was flat,

The charge was all amiss.
Dame (quoth the gentle Official)
Proceed, and tell me forth thy tale,

And do not let for this.
The wife that feared another crack,
Stood mute and ne're a word she spake

Shame put her in such dread.
Ha (said the Friar) right gingerly.

Bnave, this is all still long of thee,

Now evill mot thou sped.

The Frier said, Sir Official,

This wicked Boy will vex us all,

Unless you do him chast:

Sir, he hath yet a pyp truly,

Will make you dance and leap full hie;

And break your heart at last,

The Official reply'd, Verdie,

Such a pyp I fain would see,

And what mirth it can make.

Now, God forbid, reply'd the Frier,

That e're we should that vile pyp hear.

Ere I my way hence take.

Pyp on, Jack, said the Official,

And let me hear thy cunning all.

Jack blew his pyp full loud,

That every man start up and danst,

Proctors and Prieus, & Sommers pzanu,

And all in that great crowd.

Over the dask the Official ran

And hopt upon the table than,

Straight sumpt into the floor.

The Frier that danst as fast as he,

Het him mid-way dangerously,

Brake others face full soze.

The Register leapt from his pen,

And hopt into the strong of men,

His ink-horn in his hand.

With swinging round about his head,

Some he stroke blind, some almost dead;

Some they could hardly stand.

The Proctors flung the bills about,

The god-wifes tail gave many a shout,

Pertuming all the mirth.
The Sommers as they had been wood,
Leapt o're the forms and seats so good,
And wallowed on the earth.
Wenchers that for their pennance came,
And other meeds of worldly shame,
Danst every one as fast.
Each sate upon a merry pin,
Some broke their heads, and some their
And some their noses brast. (Chin.)
The Official thus soze turmoil'd,
Half swelt with sweat, & almost spoil'd,
Cry'd to the wanton chld,
To pyp no more within that place,
But stay the sound, even for Gods grace
And love of Mary milde.
Jack said, As thou wilt, it shal be,
Provided I may hence go free,
And no man do me wrong:
Neither this woman, nor this Frier,
Nor any other creature here.
He answered him anone:
Jack, I to thee my promise plight,
In thy defence I mean to fight,
And will oppose thy fond.
Jack ceast his pyp, then all still stood,
Some laughing hard, some raging wild.
So parted at that tyme,
The Official and the Somner,
The step-dame and the wicked Frier,
With much joy, mirth and pride.

F I N I S.